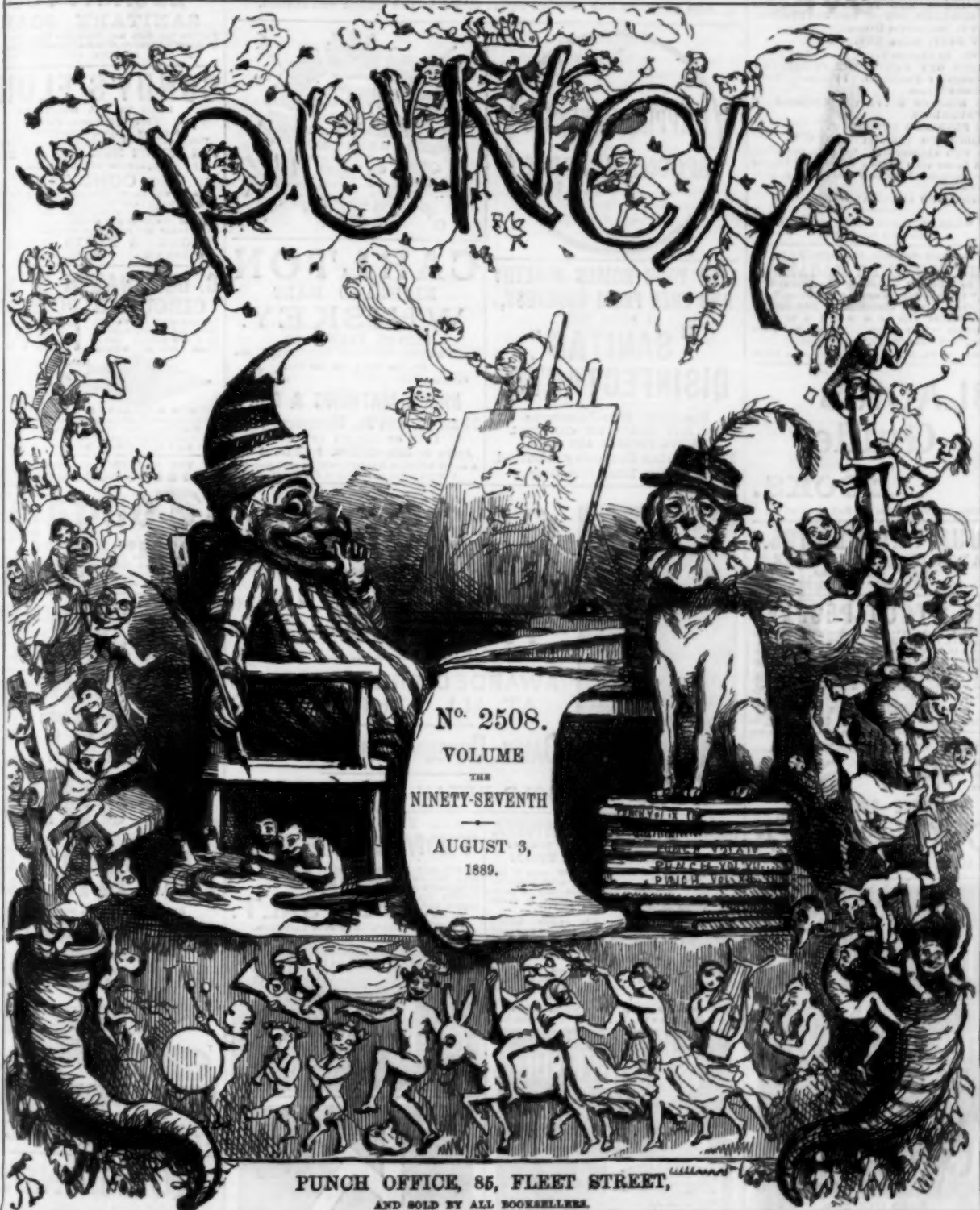


Now Ready, in crown 8vo, with Illustrations. Price 1/-

# PAPERS FROM PUMP-HANDLE COURT

By ARTHUR W. ABECKETT (A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR).

"The author has charmingly illuminated the legal profession with his queer fancy."—*Globe*. "Calculated to excite the risible faculties of most readers."—*Morning Post*. "Contains a fund of humour and satire appreciable by lawyers all the world over."—*Pump Court*. "Full of fun poked at the law, and will be heartily enjoyed by all."—*Scotsman*.  
[Bradbury, Agnew, & Co.,  
6, p. m. Boulevard St., E.C.



PRICE THREE PENCE.

PUNCH OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

# FRY'S PURE COCOA

To secure this article, ask for "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA."

# BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. 666.—LONDON, 1889.—2s. 6d.

**CONTENTS.**  
**SCENES FROM A SILENT WORLD.** By A. PRATER THOMAS.  
**THE CRUISE OF THE CRYSTALIS (A 6-TON YAWL, OVER THE NORTH SEA TO HOLLAND, AND THROUGH HOLLAND, FRIELAND, AND ON THE EUDERER.** By G. CHRISTOPHER DAVIES.  
**LAST BABY.** CHAP. XXVII.—XXIX.  
**VATRS.** By CHARLES SATYR.  
**CAMPED OUT UNDER THE CULLING.**—A REGION OF DISGUST. By COLONEL FLEMING WHITE.  
**THE ROLL OF BATTLE: A ROMANCE OF FEUDALISM.**  
**THE PLANTER'S BUNGALOW.**  
**SO LONG AGO.** (Continued.) By C. W. B.  
**THE OLD SALOON.**—The Wagon Box—JOURNAL: A STUDY FROM LIFE—A WAGON IN TRAUMA—Margaret Maltrant—Foster and Rogers, &c.  
**BRITISH AND AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.**

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS,  
 Edinburgh and London.

Now ready (Sixpence), New Series, No. 74,  
**THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE**  
 for AUGUST, containing "The Rural Mill," by James Fyfe, Author of "By Proxy," &c., &c., Chaps. 6-9—"Curiosities of Lepidoptera"—"The Dudden Vale as it is and is to be"—"Patience"—"My Album"—"Grouse and Farmington," and "The County," Chaps. 20-32.  
 London: BARNES, ELMS, & CO., 15, Waterloo Place.

# BLACK'S Guide Books.

Sold at all Bookellers and Railway Stations.

**"OUR NEIGHBOURS."**  
 PARTRIDGE & COOPER,  
 "THE" STATIONERS,  
 102, FLEET STREET.

# TO STOUT PEOPLE.

STOUT TONIC says:—"Mr. Russell's aim is to eradicate, to cure the disease, and that his treatment is the true one seems beyond all doubt. The medicine he prescribes does not lower, but raises up and tones the system." Book (116 pages) with recipe and notes how to planometrically and rapidly cure Obesity (average reduction in first week is 5 lbs.), just five 4 stamps.

F. C. RUSSELL, Western House,  
 Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

# EPPS'S

CRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

# COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

# NORTHERN



ESTABD 1836

# ASSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICES  
 LONDON & ABERDEEN

ACCUMULATED  
 FUNDS 1889: £ 3,581,000.

First produced and designated CORN FLOUR by BROWN & POLSON in 1856.

# BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

Was in the field sometime before any other was anywhere heard of, and no other has now an equal claim to the public confidence.



KEEP YOUR HOMES HEALTHY  
 AND FREE FROM SICKNESS,  
 BY USING THE  
**"SANITAS"**  
**DISINFECTANTS.**

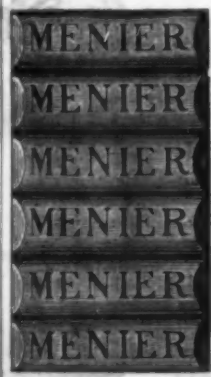
Fragrant, Non-Poisonous.  
 DO NOT STAIN OR CORRODE.  
 FLUIDS, POWDERS, AND SOAPS.  
 The Sanitas Company Limited,  
 Three Colt Lane, Bethnal Green, London, E.



# CARLTON

HIGHLAND MALT  
**WHISKEY.**  
 ELEVEN YEARS OLD.  
 GOLD MEDAL, CALCUTTA EXHIBITION, 1884.  
 25s. the Gall; 50s. the Doz.  
 CARRIAGE PAID. CASE OGD.

**RICHD. MATHEWS & CO.,**  
 24 and 25, Hart St., Bloomsbury, W.C.,  
 LATE OF ALBANY ST. N.W.  
 Agents for India—CUTLER, PALMER, & CO.  
 A single bottle, as a sample, will be sent post free to any address on receipt of P.O. for 4s. 6d.



# CHOCOLAT MENIER.

FOR BREAKFAST.

AWARDED PRIZE MEDALS  
 AT ALL EXHIBITIONS.

DAILY CONSUMPTION, 50 TONS.

SOLD RETAIL EVERYWHERE.

# NUDA VERITAS HAIR RESTORER.



What will Restore the HAIR OF YOUTH?  
 Nuda Veritas—Naked Truth.

For 25 years it has never failed to rapidly restore grey or faded hair, either in youth or age.

It arrests falling, causes luxuriant growth, is permanent, and perfectly harmless.

In Cases, 10s. 6d.; of all Hairdressers and Chemists. Circulars on application.

Wholesale Agents: E. MOVENDEN & SONS,  
 31 and 33, Berners St., W.; & 91-95, City Road, E.C.

# INVIGORATING LAVENDER SALTS



THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.,  
 177 NEW BOND ST. S.W.

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

**TIDMAN'S** SEA SALT.

It not only prevents cold, but purifies the skin, invigorates the nerves, fortifies the digestive organs, and gives buoyancy to the whole system.

Sold Everywhere. Beware of Imitations.

# PETER F. HEERING'S

COPENHAGEN  
 GOLD MEDAL

# CHERRY BRANDY

ESTABL. 1818.



# OXFORD.—MITRE HOTEL

ONE OF THE MOST ECONOMICAL  
 FIRST-CLASS HOTELS IN THE KINGDOM.

WHITAKER & GROSSMITH'S  
**"EUCALYPTUS"**

SANITARY SOAP.

Purifies the Skin and Beautifies the Complexion.  
 1/6 Box of 8. Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Direct post free.  
 25, SILK STREET, CITY, LONDON.

# CONDY'S FLUID.

USED IN ALL HOSPITALS.

CONDY'S REMEDIAL FLUID.  
 For Sore Throats, relaxed Throats, Ulcerated Throats. Safe, speedy, cheap cure.

SORE THROATS CURED IN A FEW HOURS.

Slight cases cut short at once.

**CONDY'S**

Is the well-known Cleansing Healing Lotion.

For Wounds, Foul Sores, Ulcers, Cancers, Burns, Inflammation as Lotion, Gargle, or Injection.

Book of directions and medical reports, with one bottle, or free by post on application to

**CONDY'S FLUID WORKS,**

64, TURNMILL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

# G. BRANDAUER & CO.'S CIRCULAR POINTED PENS

Neither scratch nor split the point being rounded by a new process. Seven Prize Medals awarded.



Attention is also drawn to their new "Graduated Series of Pens," one pattern being made in 4 degrees of flexibility, and each in 8 widths of point. Assorted Sample Box of either series, 6s. 6d. post for 7 stamps from the Works, Birmingham.

THE SPECIFIC FOR NEURALGIA.

# Tonga

"Tonga" maintains its reputation as the best treatment of Neuralgia.

"Invaluable in facial Neuralgia. Has proved effective in all these cases in which we have prescribed it."—MEDICAL PRACTICE.

2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., and 12s. Of all Chemists.

# DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

For ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, GOUT, and INDIGESTION.

150, BOND STREET, and all Chemists.

USED IN THE ROYAL NURSERIES

# THE BEST FOOD FOR INFANTS.

In Tins, 1s., 2s., 5s. and 10s. each.

**SAVORY & MOORE, LONDON**

AND SOLD EVERYWHERE.

A PLEASURE TO USE. Never Requires Grating.



Mr. H. M. L. says:—"I have used your razors for some time, and they are excellent."

In Case, complete, with Handle, 4s.; Ivory Handle, 5s.

From all Dealers, or direct from the English Depot, 51, Frita St., Soho Sq., Lond., W.

# RAZOR.

# ROWLAND'S

# KALYDOR

Cools and refreshes the Face during Hot Weather, removes Sunburn, Tan, Freckles, &c., and produces a beautiful and delicate complexion. Ask any Chemist for Rowland's Kalydor. Bottles, 4d. & 1s.



## MR. PUNCH'S MODEL MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

## No. VII.—THE FRANKLY CANAILLE.

ANY ditty which accurately reflects the habits and amusements of the people is a valuable human document—a fact that probably



accounts for the welcome which songs in the following style invariably receive from Music-hall audiences generally. If—Mr. Punch presumes—they conceived such pictures of their manner of spending a holiday to be unjustly or incorrectly drawn in any way, they would protest strongly against being so grossly misrepresented. As they do nothing of the sort, no apology can be needed for the following effusion, which several ladies now adorning the Music-hall stage could be trusted to render with immense effect. The Singer should be young and charming, and attired as simply as possible. Simplicity of attire imparts additional piquancy to the words:—

We 'ad a little outing larst Sunday afternoon;

And sech a jolly lark it was, I shan't forget it soon!

We borrowed an excursion van to take us down to Kew,  
And—oh, we did enjoy ourselves! I don't mind telling you.

[This to the Chef d'Orchestre, who will assume a polite interest.

[Here a little spoken interlude is customary. Mr. P. does not venture to do more than indicate this by a synopsis, the details can be filled in according to the taste and fancy of the fair artists:—

"Yes, we did 'ave a time, I can assure yer." The party: "Me and JIMMY 'OPKINS;" old "Pa PLAFFER." Asked because he lent the van. The meanness of his subsequent conduct. "Aunt SNAFFER;" her imposing appearance in her "causy-coloured front." BILL BLAZER; his "girl," and his accordion. Mrs. ADDICK (of the fried-fish emporium round the corner); her gentility—"Never seen out of her mittens, and always the lady, no matter how much she may have taken." From this work round by an easy transition to—

The Chorus—For we 'ad to stop o' course,  
Jest to bait the bloomin' 'orse,  
So we 'd pots of ale and porter  
(Or a drop o' something shorter),  
While he drunk his pail o' water,  
He was sech a whale on water!  
Was the poor old 'orse!

## Second Stanza.

That 'orse he was a rum 'un—a queer old quadru-pèd,  
At every public-'ouse he passed he 'd cook his artful 'ed!  
Sez I: "If he goes on like this, we shan't see Kew to-night!  
JIM 'OPKINS winks his eye, and sez—"We 'll git along all right!"

Chorus—Though we 'ave to stop of course,—&c., &c.

[With slight textual modifications.

## Third Stanza.

At Kinsington we 'alted, 'Ammersmith, and Turnham Green,  
The 'orse 'ad sech a thust on him, its like was never seen!  
With every 'arf a mile or so, that animal got blown:  
And we was far too well brought-up to let 'im drink alone!

Chorus—As we 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

## Fourth Stanza.

We stopped again at Chiswick, till at last we got to Kew,  
But when we reached the Gardings—well, there was a fine to-do!  
The Keeper, in his gold-laced tile, was shutting to the gate,  
Sez he: "There 's no admittance now—you 're just arrived too late!"

[Synopsis of spoken Interlude:—Spirited passage-at-arms between Mr. WM. BLAZER and the Keeper; singular action of Pa PLAFFER; "I want to see yer Pagoder—bring out yer old Pagoder as you 're so proud on!" Mrs. ADDICK's disappointment at not being able to see the "Intemperate Plants," and the "Pitcher Shrub," once more. Her subsidence in tears, on the floor of the van. Keeper concludes the dialogue by inquiring why the party did not arrive sooner. An' we sez, "Well, it was like this, ole cock robin—d'yer see?"

Chorus—We 've 'ad to stop, o' course, &c.

## Fifth Stanza.

"Don't fret," I sez, "about it, for they ain't got much to see  
Inside their precious Gardings—let 's go and 'ave some tea!  
A cup I seem to fancy now—I feel that faint and limp—  
With a slice of bread-and-butter, and some creases, and a s'rimp!"

[Description of the tea:—"And the s'rumps—well, I don't want to say anything against the s'rumps—but it did strike me they were feelin' the 'eat a little—s'rumps will do this, you can't prevent 'em." After tea. The only tune Mr. BLAZER could play on his accordion. Tragic end of that instrument. How the party had a "little more lusk." Scandalous behaviour of "BILL BLAZER's girl." The company consume what will be elegantly referred to as "a bit o' booze." Aunt SNAFFER "gets the 'ump." The outrage to her front. The proposal to start—whereupon, "Mrs. ADDICK, who was a'-settin' on the geraniums in the winder, smilin' at her boots, which she 'd just took off because she said they stopped her from breathing," protested that there was no hurry, considering that—

Chorus, as before—We've got to stop, o' course, &c.

## Sixth Stanza.

But when the van was ordered, we found—what do yer think?

[To the Chef d'Orchestre, who will affect complete ignorance. That miserable 'orse 'ad been an' took too much to drink!  
He kep' a reeling round us, like a circus worked by steam,  
And, 'stead o' keeping singular, he 'd turned into a team!

[Disgust of the party: Pa PLAFFER proposes to go back to the inn for more refreshment, urging—

Chorus—We must wait awhile o' course,  
Till they 've sobered down the 'orse,  
Let our good landlady's daughter  
Take him out some soda-water,  
For he 's 'ad more than he oughter,  
'As the poor old 'orse!

## Seventh Stanza.

So, when they brought the 'orse round, we started on our way:

'Twas 'orful 'ow the animal from side to side would sway!  
Young 'OPKINS took the reins, but soon in slumber he was sunk—  
(Indignantly) When a interfering Copper ran us in for being drunk!

[Attitude of various members of the party. Unwarrantable proceeding on the part of the Constable. Remonstrance by Pa PLAFFER and the company generally in

Chorus—Why, can't yer see? o' course  
Tishn't us—it ish the 'orsh!  
You le'mme go, you shnorter!  
Don' you tush me till you oughter,  
Jus' look 'ere—to cut it shorter—  
Take the poor old 'orsh!

[General adjournment to the Police-station. Interview with the Magistrate on the following morning. Mr. HOPKINS, called upon to state his defence, replies in—

Chorus—Why, your wushup sees, o' course,  
It was all the bloomin' 'orse!  
He would 'ave a pail o' water  
Every 'arf a mile (or quarter),  
Which is what he didn't oughter!  
I 'm my family's supporter—  
Fine the poor old 'orsh!

[The Magistrate's view of the case. Concluding remark that, notwithstanding the success of the excursion, as a whole—it will be some time before the singer consents to go upon any excursion with a horse of such bibulous tendencies as those of the quadruped they drove to Kew.

## HEARD IN THE CROWD, JULY 27, 1889.

"STAND back—you 'll all see if you stand back!" "Oh, ain't it a pity they didn't 'ave the soldiers instead of the purleeces! The soldiers are a deal more showy, and much more purlite!" "Will you take off your hat, Sir?" "Yes, Mar'm, when you takes off your'n!" "Oh, dear me, what will the Germans do, the h'Earl of FIFE has got a wife, 'es a married the Princess Loo!" "Ah, there she is! She do look lovely!" "No, that's the Princess of WHALES." "Well, they all look so young, that I never know which is which in the photographs." "Ah, there she is, and ain't the Prince looking pleased?" "Bless her pretty face, I am glad it cleared up as she started for the church!" "Ere you are, the intire Royal Family, with the h'Earl o' FIFE thrown in, for a penny!" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Lor, it is a fine coach! I s'pose it was lent by the Lord MAYOR!" "Not it—'ow would 'e do without it?" "Hooray! Hooray!" "Well, what I says is, bless 'em both!" [And so says Mr. Punch, and "so say all of us."

## THE JESTER'S JOUST; OR, SCATTERING A PARTY.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Briton Rivière.)



The Jester rode, the Jester sang,  
Chanticleer-voiced, with cynic glee;  
His ass's hoof-falls smartly rang,  
His cockcomb wagged joyously.  
The bauble in his dexter fist  
Was furnished forth with bladders twain.  
How the peas rattled! List, oh list!  
The Mob is prompt in Motley's train.  
Sweet on its ears attentive swells  
The music of the Cap-and-bells!

The Jester sang, the Jester rode,  
And flicked the ass's lengthy ears.  
The patient creature he bestrode  
With voice as loud as chanticleer's,

But less articulate, brayed out  
A strident music on the air.  
The pea-filled bladders played about,  
When lo! the clarion's martial blare  
Countered across the forest dells  
The music of the Cap-and-bells.

There came a clump of steel-clad knights  
Along the high-road's sandy way.  
Their lances gleamed like wandering lights,  
Their leader he was old and grey,  
But martial still, and still erect;  
Their steeds came pacing, pacing slow,  
With cautious hoof and circumspect,  
Following the bugle's brazen blow;

Better, they deemed, than mobdom's yells,  
Or music of the Cap-and-bells.

The Jester rode, the Jester's glance  
Fell mockingly on knightly mail,  
And pennon proud, and lifted lance,  
And ordered chargers head to tail;  
Fell on the grey but gallant chief  
Who led the careful cavalcade.  
He laughed, "By Momus, I believe  
This serried band in steel arrayed,  
Will scatter wide by downs and dells  
At music from the Cap-and-bells."

He tugged his rein, and lightly rode  
Full front athwart the sandy way,



The docile creature he bestrode  
Blared forth a prompt portentous bray.  
He raised the rattling bladders high,  
And wildly waved them to and fro,  
"A Jester's Joust," he said, "I'll try,  
For I am curious to know  
How they will front, those steel-clad swells,  
The music of the Cap-and-bells."

Oh, there was clattering of mail,  
Jingling of stirrups and of swords;  
Lifting of heels, turnings of tail,  
And mutterings low of naughty words.  
The grey Knight frowned and faced the  
"moke,"  
The fat Knight's steed did plunge and  
The Jester cried, "Oh, rare, sweet joke!  
I'm leading them—a pretty dance.  
How haughty chiefs shake in their selles  
At music of the Cap-and-bells!"

### THE MAGIC OF MUSIC.

(A Fragment from the next History of Persia.)

TEHERAN was in mourning. The inhabitants went about their avocations silently and gloomily. There had not been a public execution for nearly a fortnight, and thus it seemed that the business of the State had come to a standstill. The cause of this unusual depression and stagnation was to be found in the Palace.

Alas! the SHAH was very ill. Since his return from Europe he had seemed to lose all interest in life. He sat all day long on a pile of cushions lost in a brown study. Nothing would rouse him. The Prime Minister was ever on the alert to discover some distraction that might please his Imperial master. Now it was a practical joke by which a retainer lost all his teeth, now a torch-light serenade by the entire army—but nothing pleased the Lord of the Lion and the Sun.

"Sire," said the Prime Minister, striking the earth sixteen times with his forehead, after the fashion of the East, "your slave is anxious to know if your Majesty liked last night's fireworks. The portrait of your Majesty in different coloured fires—"

"Was not a bit like me," said the SHAH, gloomily. Then, after a pause, he added, "Behead Broock!"

The Prime Minister again struck the earth sixteen times with his forehead, and replied, "Nothing would give your slave greater pleasure, your Majesty, than to behead Broock, were it not likely to cause war with England."

"And why not a war with England?" shouted the SHAH. Then in his turn he added, "Were we invaded, I might hear it—might dance it! But worry me no further with affairs of State. I would be alone."

"Your pardon, Sire, but before I go let me give you a catalogue of my latest importation from Europe. By the ship even now in sight I have a ballet with music, scenery, and full company from the 'Empire.'"

"Tush!" impatiently observed the SHAH, "I am tired of ballets."

"Then," continued the Prime Minister, rather crestfallen, "I have a lady who can whistle *Lohengrin*, and give an imitation of a locomotive-engine entering a station, shutting off steam, and rattling through a tunnel; further, some Baldwin white mice that descend in a small parachute from a fire-balloon; and, lastly, a recent decision of Mr. Justice NORTH, translated into Persian. Surely, one of these should amuse you."

"Pooh! pooh!" again exclaimed the SHAH, "I am sick of them all. Look to your head, Sirrah—if I am not roused speedily, it will go badly with you!"

The day wore on, and the Lord of the Lion and the Sun became gloomier and gloomier.



### "MARRY COME UP!"

SCENE—Botanical Gardens. DRAMATIS PERSONE—Brownscombe, A.R.A. (who was Painting there), and Gardener (who took care of his Easel, &c.). TIME—Saturday, Noon.

Gardener. "I SUPPOSE YOU WON'T DO ANY MORE WORK TO-DAY, SIR?" ("No," B. "thought not.") "No, SIR,"—(beamingly)—"MOST TRADESPEOPLE LIKES TO ENJY THEIR 'ALF 'OLIDAY ON SATURDAY!"

Suddenly His Majesty pricked up his ears, and began to listen. He became more and more attentive, and his excitement grew in proportion. The cause was not far to seek. The sound of barbaric music was growing louder.

"Dinna ken it?" he cried, using a few words of Scotch, he had picked up in the Highlands. "It is the slogan of the Mac-GREGGERS, the grandest of them a'!"

The music grew louder and louder, and at length a bagpiper appeared playing his interesting instrument with marvellous skill and energy with one hand, while with the other he asked for *largesse*. The slogan, when the

instrumentalist had received a bonnet-full of diamonds, turned into a measure of a more lively character. With a cry of joy the SHAH jumped up from his cushions, and began dancing and shouting. This did he for ten minutes. Then, with his cheeks tinged with returning health, he sank back exhausted.

"It is all right," he exclaimed, when he had regained sufficient breath to articulate. I knew it would be all right if I could only remember the tune of the Highland Fling."

And jumping up again to the inspiring music of the bagpipes, he continued his life-restoring dancing! Persia was saved!

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, July 22.—Scotch Local Government Bill turned up under fresh aspect. Spent days and nights with it in Committee; various Amendments introduced; now House goes over these Amendments again with as successful appearance of interest



Lady Parker; or, The Fair Maid of Perth.

as if it heard of them only for the first time. Debate brought out C. S. PARKER, of Perth; known to the profane as Lady PARKER. His soft low voice—an excellent thing in woman—not been heard in House for whole sessions; his gyrations, his wriggling, his curtsying to the SPEAKER, and his vain attempts to do what JOHN BRIGHT said he never could do—turn his back on himself—with us once again. Dances round an Amendment, pirouettes round a proposition as if they were male partners at the county ball. "The Fair Maid of Perth" WALLACE calls the stalwart Member.

OLD MORALITY brought up the Report of Select Committee on Royal Grants. House received document in respectful silence. GLADSTONE presently interposing in support of OLD MORALITY's Motion to take Report into consideration on Wednesday a strange thing happened. Of late enthusiasm on Liberal Benches bubbles forth at every movement of Grand Old Man. Cheer him when he comes in; cheer him when he goes out; shout with applause when he appears at table, if only to ask OLD MORALITY the time of day. To-night no welcoming cheer, no spontaneous bending forward of the crowded Benches to greet him. Ministerialists gratefully cheered when he puts in a word for OLD MORALITY; but he sits down amid unbroken silence on his own side, whence a rattling cheer goes up as SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate rises and bashful, blushing, catches SPEAKER's eye and sounds first note of battle.

Met H.R.H. to-night just home from Waddesden, where he has been spending a day in the country with Baron FERDY. Told him about this little scene in House. "Curious," he said, "and significant. Yet I'm not at all surprised. Always from first looked to GLADSTONE as our best friend on Committee. You and I, dear TOBY, will live to see the day when the G. O. M. will be altered to G. O. C.—the Grand Old Conservative."

Business done.—Report on Royal Grants brought in.



Points a Moral and adorns a (Fairy) Tale.

we come upon a column of,—I don't say it offensively,—small talk untouched by fancy, unadorned by poetry. I venture to say that the best place for the Reporters is over there," and Noble Lord pointed to outer Lobby.

BEAUCHAMP wouldn't go as far as Outer Lobby, but proposed to put the Reporters in the ventilating chamber.

"Ah!" said ROSEBERRY, "now we're beginning to ventilate the subject."

TRURO, inspired by BEAUCHAMP's happy thought, had a happier one.

"Cut the Clerks' Table in the middle,"

said he. "Have a trap-door by which

Reporter could ascend, take his seat at the table, and there you are. Needn't be here always. When he's wanted, LORD CHANCELLOR presses spring, you hear a click, up jumps Reporter, and page away."

"Why go to expense of cutting up the table?" asked KIMBERLEY. "Have your trap-door back of Wool-sack; touch a spring; Reporter bounds in over LORD CHANCELLOR's head; alights on chair at foot of table facing your Lordships' House."

LORD CHANCELLOR understood to dissent from proposition. All very well, after a little practice, and machinery got to work with precision. But how about the rehearsals? And supposing the Reporter, in his passage towards the table, were to catch his foot in luxurious folds of LORD CHANCELLOR's wig and carry it off. "Where would you be then?" said LORD CHANCELLOR, glancing triumphantly round crowded House.

"Better go back to my suggestion," said TRURO, "trap-door under table. Not original idea; don't mind saying I saw it at Lyceum; *Banquo's Ghost*, donchaknow?"

MARKES put his foot down, and after heated discussion CADOGAN's Motion carried, providing seat on floor of House for Reporter accessible without interposition of trap-door. A sporting proposal by DUNRAVEN, that Reporter should arrive on scene by use of *trappeze*, scouted, and House adjourned.

Business done.—Commons still harping on Scotch Local Government Bill.

Thursday.—Thought this evening of what H.R.H. said to me on Monday. Grand Old Man comes out in full bloom as Grand Old Conservative. House, crowded from floor to topmost range of gallery, waits on his utterances. The proposed vote for Royal Family has been attacked on his own side. Throws himself into breach. The Conservatives stand aside whilst he does battle for them. OLD MORALITY has moved the formal Resolution, which opens the campaign; a solemn sermon, with its text, its firstly, and its fourthly in due order. Then the SAGE of Queen Anne's Gate appears on the scene; drags across stage dummy figures of "greedy noblemen" who figure about the Court; eight Grooms-in-Waiting, four Equerries, a pack of hounds running after a tame stag, and a nobleman (price £1700 per annum) as Master of the Dogs. The SAGE undertakes to run the whole job for ever so much less. Scores of patriotic noblemen who, earnest for welfare of their country, would undertake to do the work for nothing. If not, let the State fall back on the untitled gentlemen of England.

"Take, for example, the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for West Birmingham," said the SAGE, blandly, with his head on one side, and, with pretty here's-the-next-article air, his hand stretched out to indicate CHAMBERLAIN.

A sudden, swift, unexpected, palpable hit, at which much delighted House roared with laughter. Next, STORER, hitting out right and



A "Happier Thought."



The Sage of Queen Anne's Gate.



left, with a pretty contempt for princes, an uncompromising conviction that a man's a man for a' that.

I hear A. GATHORNE-HARDY humming:—

"The Member for Sunderland grumbles, they say,  
At the Closure; but writers report,  
That Monarchs of old had a different way  
Of cutting a long STORRY short."

Then the G. O. C. takes the floor, in fine voice, with commanding presence. In a difficult position, but master of it. Till he heard him speak OLD MORALITY had no idea Government had such a good case. "Difficult to exceed the dignified simplicity of the final sentence with all it means to those remembering the history of the past fifty years. 'I am not ashamed to say that in my old age I rejoice in any opportunity which enables me to testify that, whatever may be thought of my opinions or proposals in general politics, I do not forget the services I have borne for so many years to the illustrious Representative of the British Monarchy.'"

Seemed for a moment as if Conservative Party would rise to their feet, rush across the floor, and lift shoulder high this stout Pillar of the State. Cheer after cheer burst forth; and so the Golden Wedding Day was crowned by the rare acclaim of ancient enemies.

*Business done.*—Debate on Royal Annuities.

*Friday.*—GLADSTONE yesterday, RANDOLPH to-night. No point of comparison between two speeches, except their common excellence. GLADSTONE at his loftiest; GRANDOLPH at his best—a sparkling pointed harangue, in which he pricked pretension and jocosely twitted pharisaic patriotism to ecstasie delight of crowded Houses.

*Business done.*—House resolves, by 398 votes against 116, to go in Committee on Royal Grants.

## HEADS AND TAILS.

THE uncertainty manifested by the Heads of Departments as to the execution of the order enjoining the muzzling of all the dogs in the Metropolis on the 31st inst., has naturally excited a great deal of commotion in canine circles, and a representative meeting was accordingly held yesterday afternoon in a field adjoining the Dog's Home, at Battersea, to deal with the subject.

A St. Bernard, who took a first prize at the last Dog Show, having been unanimously voted to the Chair, and greeted with a prolonged wagging of tails, said:—He felt he need hardly enter upon the circumstances which had occasioned the present meeting. There had been a good deal of talk, one way and the other, about their species of late, and probably owing to the Mansion House move in favour of the Pasteur System, and an isolated case or two of Hydrophobia—(growls)—the usual scare had got up, and as a consequence, the Authorities had decreed that they were all to be muzzled for six months. Personally, he was indifferent to the matter, and if his owners chose to strap up his face in a leathern or wire cage whenever he took his quiet and sober walks abroad, he could only suppose that in subjecting him to the humiliation, they could not help themselves. Still, though sedate himself, he could well enter into the feelings of his more frisky and lively brethren who felt the restraint keenly, and he thought, as there seemed to be no one capable of putting the order in force, that an opportunity was certainly presented of asking the HOME SECRETARY whether, under the circumstances, it wouldn't be wiser, to reconsider the matter altogether, and revoke the order, while there was yet time to do it.

[Barks of approval, and prolonged wagging of tails.]

A Drawing-room Pug, who spoke with some difficulty, owing to chronic indigestion, said, that of course if the order were in force it couldn't possibly apply to him, as he took his only exercise in a carriage round the Park, perched up on a feather cushion, with a piece of blue ribbon round his neck. As to the common class of dogs who went about on foot, he really didn't see why they should object to being muzzled. The order didn't touch him, and he didn't care.

[Snarls.]

A Bloodhound said, that to hear a mere show dog, who was out of it himself, express his opinion in that cool fashion, made his blood boil. The very thought of a muzzle almost sent him off his head. How could he, he should like to know, follow up a trail and catch a murderer by the throat, if he couldn't use his teeth? (Barks of approval.) All he could say was, that whether the order was passed or not, he wouldn't advise any policeman who valued his calves to come meddling with him.

[Much wagging of tails.]

A Punch and Judy Dog, who was warmly greeted, said he should like to know whether the Authorities meant to clap a muzzle on him, and expected him to go through his performance (part of which, as they probably knew, consisted in catching hold of Punch's nose) under impossible conditions? If so, it would be nothing more or

less than putting a complete gag on him, and he might as well retire from the business altogether. He felt strongly on the subject, for he spoke not only for himself, but on behalf of his artistic friends who performed at Music Halls and elsewhere, and who certainly could not be expected to climb up chairs, wear cocked hats, and jump through paper moons with their heads bandaged up in wire or leather in accordance with a degrading police regulation. (Growls.) All he could say was, that if Mr. MATTHEWS ignored their petition, he might as well consign them to the Lethal Chamber at once. But he trusted matters would not come to such a pass as that.

[Loud barks of approval.]

A Blind Man's Dog wanted to know how he was to get through his business, and be expected to collect pence holding a tin-pot in his mouth, if he had a muzzle on? The thing was preposterous.

A Scotch Terrier wished to ask the Chairman if it was true that a Member of Parliament had absolutely proposed the muzzling of cats.

[Wagging of tails indicative of much merriment.]

A Dachshund replied that he was glad to say it was. He said he was "glad to say" it was, because such a proposition amounted to a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole question. If these manifestly inferior domestic animals were to come in for the muzzle, they would be wanting to apply it next to the rats and mice. This made thoughtful people, who see they don't know where to stop its use, naturally ask what made them begin it. For his own part he had never come across anybody who had been bitten by a dog.

A Westmoreland Collie owned that, when he first came up to London he certainly did catch hold of a postman or two by the leg, but he added it was done out of pure fun, and that he hadn't a touch of rabies about him. He would propose that a deputation be appointed by the Meeting to wait on the HOME SECRETARY, and ask him, seeing that a hitch has occurred in carrying it into execution, to reconsider his order.

[Barks of approval.]

The Chairman then put the Motion to the Meeting, and it was carried unanimously, upon which, amidst a prolonged wagging of tails in manifestation of satisfaction, and general chorus of barking in approval, the proceedings came to an end.

## PROTHALAMIUM.

Come, fragrant dawn and tender,

For the birds twitter low;

A wakening sunbeam send her,

Who forth in bridal splendour

At the high noon shall go.

The day-rim riseth slow,

The day when she shall render

Her life for weal and woe

Unto her lover's keeping;

Ah, dreamlessly she's sleeping,

While the birds twitter low.

The light comes stealing shyly

Through the dim house of rest;

An infant sunbeam slyly

Creeps smiling to her breast,

But, being blest too highly,

Dies in that dainty nest;

For mists with vapour pearly

Blindfold the prying throng,

And quell the joyous hurly

Of the birds' matin song,

Because the light is early

And the day is long.

Now shines the votive treasure

With silver-gleam and gold,

Whereby relations measure

The sympathetic pleasure

With which the friends behold

The hymeneal function,

From the lush jewel's unction

To the prim toast-rack cold—

The modest pepper-castor,

Or work of Modern Master

Unthought-for and unsold,

The statuette in plaster,

And album manifold.

Come, for the hour approaches,

And all await the bride.

Leaving their splendid coaches,

In silvery sheen, like roaches,

The bridesmaids, side by side,

Pace up the chancel wide,

Wearing their wedding brooches

Of pearls and rubins pied.

Like sunlight driving shadows

Along the April meadows,

Before them goes the bride.

Now clearly quire, ye singers,

A holy wedding psalm;

Grasp bell-ropes, lusty ringers,

Tight in the timely palm;

Far let the music-singers

Float on a sea of balm.

And, while they rock the steeple,

Crowds of the smartest people

Flock to the bridal bower,

Where wedding-cake and ice,

And presents, and their prices,

Speed the conducive hour,

Till valedictory rises

Upon Love's pilgrims shower.

Good luck betide bridegroom and

bride

This rice and satin shoes' day;

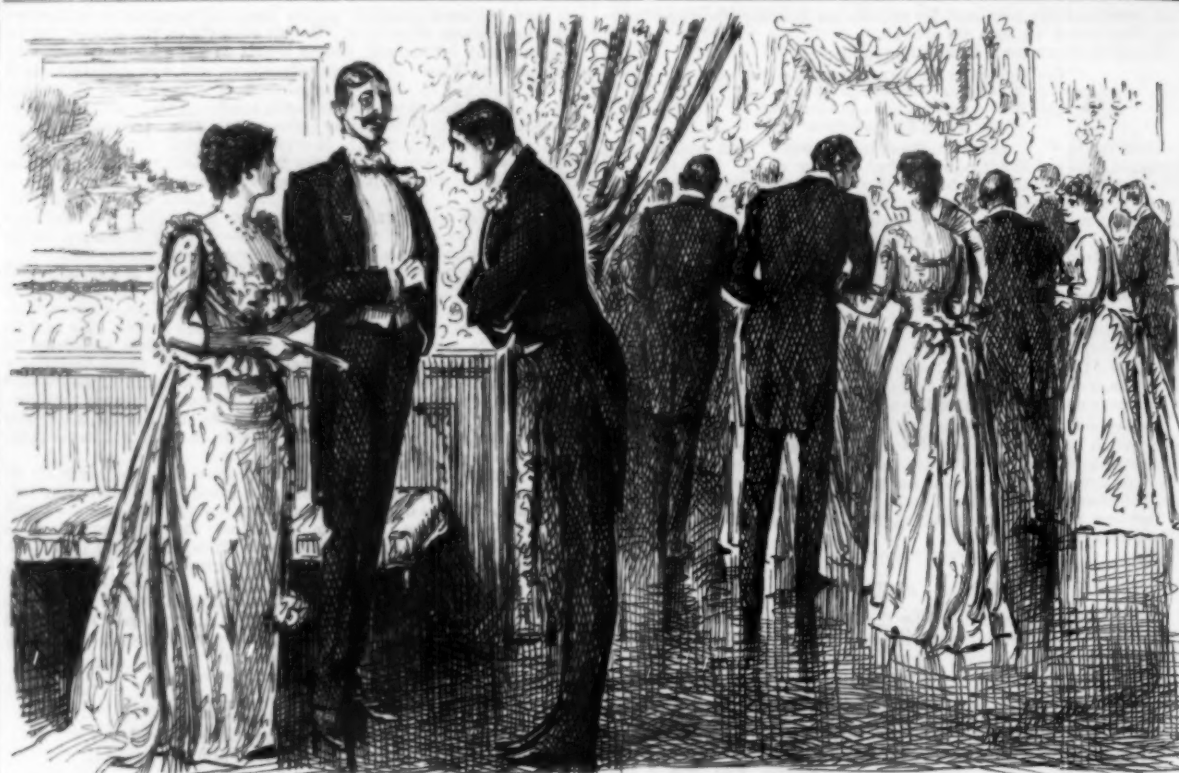
Let them alone, they'll be "At

Home

On every second Tuesday."

"NOTHING IN IT."—When Lord RANDOLPH, in his capital speech last Friday, dramatically produced his purse, and told Mr. STORRY that he might as well say that that purse was his,—which would have been a "corrid wicked Storey,"—as claim the QUEEN's private property for the people, his Lordship was very careful to avoid any mention of the money in it. The pantomimic action was excellent, but, after all, was the argument an empty one?

COMPREHENSIVE.—"Church and State" in one person—"BISHOP KING."



### SPEECHES TO BE LIVED DOWN, IF POSSIBLE.

*Digby.* "I HAD HOPED FOR THE PLEASURE OF TAKING YOU DOWN TO SUPPER, MRS. MASHAM!"

*Rigby.* "TOO LATE, MY DEAR FELLOW! IT'S THE EARLY BIRD THAT CATCHES THE WORM!"

### FROM ST. PANCRAS TO PORTSMOUTH.

SCENE—*Spithead, August, 1889.*

Interlocutors—*Mr. PUNCH and the Shade of CHARLES DIBDIN.*

*Mr. Punch.* Well, Mr. DIBDIN, and what do you think of yonder display?

*Dibdin.* *Mr. Punch,* I fancy I could sing it better than I can say it.

*Mr. Punch.* Doubtless; the Ocean Bard (as they called you) "who appreciated Melody as the soul of Music," would be more at home with song than with special reporting. But it is an impressive spectacle. And do you really think you could sing of our Iron Walls with as much gusto as you did of our Wooden ones?

*Dibdin.* Perhaps not.

Sweet is the ship that, under sail,  
Spreads her white bosom to the gale.

But there is little that is "sweet" about yon Titanic Tea-kettles. However, the underlying spirit is the thing, *Mr. Punch,* and if your Tars are still "hearts of oak," it little matters that your ships are no longer so.

*Mr. Punch.* Mr. DIBDIN, you had considerable share in shaping the character and traditions of the British Tar, and I fancy your influence still survives even in these days of turrets and torpedoes. Your "metrical attempts to portray the rough-hewn natural characters and stimulate the gallant exertions of a class to whom their country is so infinitely indebted."

*Dibdin.* Ah, there is the touch of son THOMAS.

*Mr. Punch.* True. Those attempts were crowned with astonishing success. "Your songs were so many irresistible appeals to the heart—inspiring the most illiterate with brave and generous sentiments, and exciting to acts of loyalty, bravery, and patriotism, which (in the most arduous of her struggles) assisted to maintain the honour and glory of the British Empire." It is therefore, my CHARLES, that Lord ROSEBURY and Mr. SIMS REEVES in 1889, are in accord with the Duke of CLARENCE and JOHN PARRY in 1829, in glorifying him whose Scandinavian Memorial Cross now stands upon

his restored tomb in what was once "the burial-ground of St. James's, Camden Town," but is now a "new public recreation ground."

*Dibdin.* Well, it will please me better to be surrounded in my resting-place in St. Pancras by the joyous chatter of sporting youth than by the sombre silence of the graveyard.

*Mr. Punch.* Spoken like your hearty self, CHARLES! The restoration, if long-delayed, is not ill-timed. His Imperial Majesty of GERMANY, who has come over to see our Modern fleet might do worse than extend his visit to the Memorial of the most admirable singer of our ancient one.

*Dibdin.* Sir, your approval makes me proud, and the grateful recollection of my countrymen gladdens my heart.

*Mr. Punch.* We want your spirit back again to inspire genuine Sea-songs for the new generation of Jack Rattlins and Ben Back-stays, whose business it is to steer by machinery and shoot by science.

*Dibdin.* But whose business it *will* be to *fight*—with arms and hearts in the old fashion, if ever it comes to the pinch. You can't mechanise manhood, *Mr. Punch.*

*Mr. Punch.* True, CHARLES,—though, by Neptune, our neo-scientists seem to be having a hard try at it. But our neo-Nautical Songsters haven't the hang of it, as you and your sons had. They are too drawing-roomy, my DIBDIN. Their motto seems to be:—

You cannot go wrong  
In a nautical song.

If you sing yeo-ho, yeo-ho!

But their "Yeo-hos!" smack, not of the sea, but of Penny Readings and Twopenny "Royalties," of professional greed and of amateur concert. The best of the batch is not a patch upon "*Poor Jack*." Even our Nautical Dramas are no longer soundingly heroic, but smugly cynical. "Society" naturally relishes the smart satire of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, but there isn't much inspiration for seamen in *Ralph Rackstraw's* sardonic song, or *Sir Joseph Porter's* sub-acid patter. Compare—

"D've mind me, a sailor should be every inch  
All as one as a piece of his ship,  
And with her brave the world without offering to finch,  
From the moment the anchor's a-trip."





### VISITING GRANDMAMMA.

GRANDMA' VICTORIA. "NOW, WILLIE DEAR, YOU'VE PLENTY OF *SOLDIERS* AT HOME; LOOK AT THESE *PRETTY SHIPS*,—I'M SURE YOU'LL BE PLEASED WITH *THEM*!"





with—

"His foot should stamp and his throat should growl,  
His hair should twirl and his face should scowl;  
His eyes should flash and his breast protrude,  
And this should be his customary attitude!"

Most excellent fooling, to be sure, but—well, they say CERVANTES laughed Spain's chivalry away, and smart Society mockery may prove too clever by half if it help to de-Dibdinise—pardon the coinage!—the British Tar.

Dibdin. Does the British Tar read—or sing—it?

Mr. Punch. Well, no. I fancy he still pins his faith to "Tom Bowling" and "Lovely Polly." But he says, with your Brother Tom:—

"The evening watch, the sounding lead,  
Will sadly miss old CHARLEY's line.  
'Saturday Night' may go to bed,  
His sun is set no more to shine.  
'Sweethearts and Wives' though we may sing,  
And toast at sea the girls on shore;  
Yet now 'tis quite another thing,  
Since CHARLEY spins the yarn no more."

Dibdin. Ah! Brother TOM was partial. But I should like well enough to try my hand at hymning the Iron-clad and toasting the Modern Tar. The *Anson*, the *Collingwood*, the *Camperdown*, the *Rodney*,—there they be, familiar names, and suggestive of song, for all their stark and steely aspect. And I see you have an *Arethusa*, too, and a formidable-looking "cruiser" she looks, though perhaps hardly as "saucy" as "the frigate tight and brave" that SHIELD sang of. I wonder what Emperor WILLIAM, who has come to "visit Grandmamma," thinks of Grandmamma's squadrons? Well, anyhow, it is a Big Show, and well worth seeing, even if one has to flit from St. Pancras to Portsmouth for the purpose. Here's a health to Admirals BAIRD, TRYON, and TRACEY, and success to their Autumn Manœuvres! Here's luck, too, to your steel-clad squadrons, and the Tars who tend them; may they find spirit and skill to face whatever foe, and a worthy Ocean Bard to hymn their valour and their victories!

Mr. Punch. Hear! hear! And don't be doubtful, my dear DIBDIN. If nobody else should turn up worthy of wearing your mantle, why, I'll don it myself!!!

"TWO PENCE COLOURED!"



"HA! HA! ONCE MORE THE RANGER IS FREE!"

[The Judges dismissed Mr. Simms' appeal for a *mandamus* to compel the Magistrate to issue a summons against H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.]

### "MODUS OPERANDI."

THE last night of the Operatic Season. AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS TRIUMPHANS is to be congratulated. A big success throughout, including the visit in State of the SHAH and their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES. Memorable and brilliant evening.

The biggest successes have been *Roméo et Juliette* and *Die Meistersinger*, the latter having been better done here, so even the



End of Season. Triumphal March.

Wagnerites admit, than at Bayreuth. *Mefistofele* was grand, and the *ensemble* of sweet singers could not have been easily surpassed. It is difficult to beat (who would be so cruel?) ALBANI, ELLA RUSSELL, MAGGIE MACINTYRE, MELBA & Co., not forgetting the ever-as-useful-as-ornamental FRAU BAUERMEISTERSINGER?

And on the "spear side" who could be better than the two DE RESZKES, JEAN and EDOUARD? Band and conductors likewise excellent, and if the HALL, of Covent Garden, with a Gardenia Gladstonia in his button-hole, had only once the pleasure of welcoming the G. O. M. and offering him a cup of tea during an *entr'acte*, it is no fault of anyone's, but only the misfortune of the Great Golden

Weddingist, who could find but one opera-tune-ity of visiting the Opera House. But at all events he heard *Roméo et Juliette*, which was a rich and rare treat for anyone. We drink to our next merry May meeting! *Salve, Imperator Operaticus!*

### THE ONLY ONE!

A CORRESPONDENT sends us the following from the advertisements in *The Christian World*:—

CULTURED, earnest, godly Young Man desires a PASTORATE. Vivid preacher, musical voice, brilliant organiser. Tall, and of good appearance. Blameless life. Very highest references. Beloved by all. Salary £120.

Fancy! this prize to be obtained for only £120!! and the sum is his own valuation of himself! So that Modesty is to be added to his merits, which, of course, would be taken for granted by any one reading the above advertisement.

### A SHOCKING BAD HAND.

Scribe (to Professor). Do you mean to say that you can infer a man's character from his handwriting? Well, then, what do you think of this? (Hands him a specimen.)

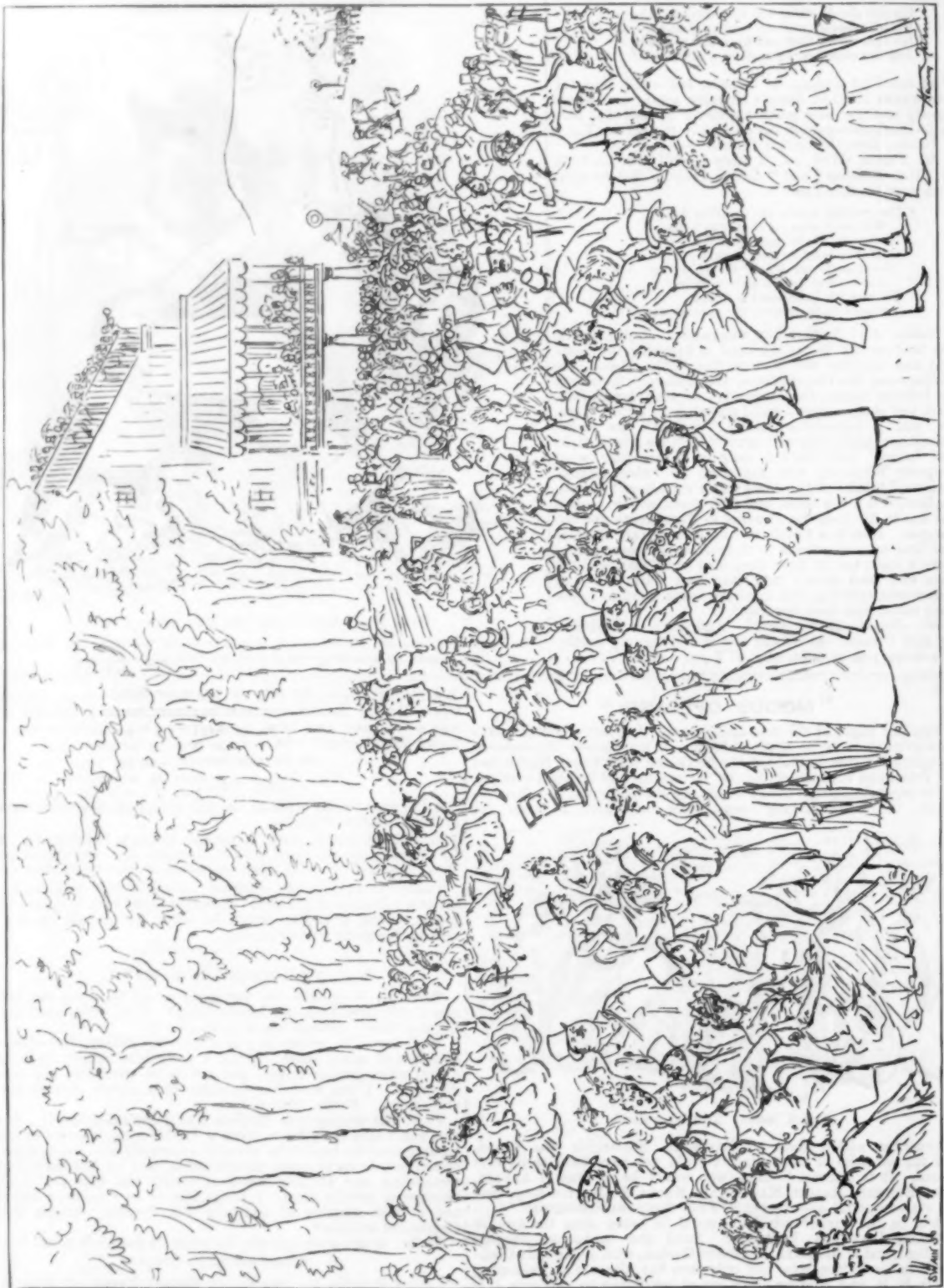
Professor. The writer is a man of some ability, but altogether destitute of moral sense. If not a downright villain, he must be a very unscrupulous fellow, and not to be trusted on any account whatever. I can read his character at a glance, though not his characters. Scribe. How so?

Prof. His writing is so illegible that I can't decipher it. A man who won't take the pains to write a legible hand must be so utterly regardless of the trouble he gives to everybody who has to make his scrawl out, is so viciously inconsiderate, that he wouldn't stick at committing any atrocity which it would cost him the slightest exertion to refrain from. I judge him to be a rogue, a swindler, and a thief—capable of anything but forgery. Whose is this disgraceful scribble?

Scribe. Well—a—to tell you the truth, in fact, it's mine!

LATEST BETTING ON THE ROYAL DOUBLE EVENT.—"What's the odds so long as they're happy?" FIVE to one.

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 75.



THE LAWN AT GOODWOOD.

A  
 v  
 w  
 "f  
 "M  
 vin  
 As  
  
 A  
 tak  
 drin  
  
 But  
  
 N  
 silen  
  
 S  
 the  
 ing  
 tun  
 will  
 capt  
 be p  
 Jap  
 hor  
 Mig  
 rolle  
 fair  
 effe  
 Sout  
  
 (Af  
  
 Wh  
 De  
 Leav  
 Selli  
 And  
 Th  
  
 He v  
 N  
 Yet  
 The  
 An o  
 Ou  
  
 Ther  
 Th  
 And  
 With  
 Ther  
  
 Th  
  
 He o  
 Cu  
 Sat o  
 Stuck  
 And  
 Ri  
  
 "Th  
 La



## RIME ET RAISIN.

RESPECTED SIR,  
 "E. Y.," in last week's *World* republishes some verses, twenty years old,—fine Laureate vintage,—in which occurs a good rhyme to Pommery, that is if "flummery" be passable. "Flummery" rhymes to "Mummery"—the Mummeries might be the name of the vineyards of JULES MUMM—but does it to Pommery? As a composite rhyme I remember this couplet,—

If you wish to make little Tom merry,  
 Give him a genuine bottle of Pommery.

And the ugly English pronunciation of Latin being taken for granted, the motto for a moderate champagne-drinker might be—

"*Mens sana in corpore sano*"  
 Is the result of Pommery Gréno.

But there's no difficulty in Gréno, only—

Of your drink if baulked,  
 You may well complain O!  
 Pommery, if corked,  
 Goes against the Grain O!

No more at present. As *Hamlet* says, "The rest is silence," i.e., Mumm's the word.

Yours, PHIZYOLOGIST.

## OUR EXCHANGE AND MART.

SCIENTIFIC OPPORTUNITY.—A distinguished Cambridge Mathematician, who has been devoting the last fifteen years of his life to the construction of an ingenious calculating machine, and has had the misfortune to let it drop into his cistern with the result that it will no longer act properly, but only changes its numbers capriciously and at random when smartly kicked, will be glad to dispose of it forthwith, in exchange for a Japanese dressing-gown, set of custard glasses, cab horse, highly trained hyena or second-hand telescope. Might with a little ingenuity be utilised as a garden roller, or serve as a target to be shot at for nuts at a fair. Filled with dynamite it would make a fairly effective infernal machine, and advanced politicians of South American Republics might communicate.



"PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE."

(Poor Pussy's Scratch is as bad as her Bite.)

## THE RADICAL'S LAMENT.

(After, apologetically, Mrs. Barrett Browning.)

I.  
 What is he doing, the Grand Old Man,  
 Down in the House by the River?  
 Leaving to LABBY to fight in the van;  
 Selling and snubbing his followers true,  
 And breaking the hearts of our Radical crew,  
 That votes with him by the River.

II.  
 He went and spoke, did the Grand Old Man,  
 Not in the House by the River;  
 Yet though his periods limpidly ran,  
 The Church in Wales he declined to slate;  
 An omission that loads with terrible weight  
 Our souls as we sit by the River.

III.  
 Then once again spoke the Grand Old Man,  
 This time from his place by the River;  
 And smote us all, as an orator can;  
 With hard bleak fact he exposed our fads;  
 There was hardly a kick left in some of us  
 Rads,  
 Though we tried to kick, by the River!

IV.  
 He cut him short, did the Grand Old Man,  
 Cut LABBY short by the River!  
 Sat on the pleas of that excellent man!  
 Stuck up gamely for Royal Grants! ("can'ts")  
 And swept our plausible "won'ts" and  
 Right into the slime of the River!

V.  
 "This is the way," laughed the Grand Old  
 Laughed as he rose by the River, [Man,

"The only way, since Rads began,  
 To show how naughty it is to rebel."  
 Then, in trumpet tones that the House knows  
 He spoke in power by the River. [well,

VI.  
 Bitter-sweet, O Grand Old Man,  
 Came those words by the River!  
 Blinding-sweet (for speak you can!)  
 The Rads on your left forgot to groan;  
 And the Tories revived, and we all must own  
 This "Grant" has you as its giver.

VII.  
 Yet half a Whig is the Grand Old Man,  
 To laugh as he sits by the River,  
 Placing Progress under a ban!  
 We desire to ask—though it gives us pain—  
 If our Leader never will vote again  
 As a Rad, with the Rads, by the River?

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

*Trollope's Dilemma*, the latest of Mr. ARROWSMITH's Bristol Library Series, is anything rather than a shilling "shocker." The author, who describes himself as "*St. Aubyn*," seems to be a sentimental and gushing reproduction of *Verdant Green*. The "*Varsity*" (a name dear to "Squills") of Cambridge is sketched with a pen that smacks of Durham and St. Bees. The heroine of the story (a hysterical young person, who seems to set collegiate laws at defiance), after passing for her husband's sister until his death, ultimately marries a senior tutor. Altogether *Trollope's Dilemma* is not nearly so interesting as *Called Back*.

My faithful "Co." writes:—"I have read *That Other Woman*, by ANNIE THOMAS (Mrs. PENDER CUDLIP), and am conscious of having absorbed a story in which there is either a husband too few, or a wife too many. How it comes about, I cannot quite explain; but all ends happily, and the twice-married husband is forgiven, both by his first wife and 'that other woman,' when he has got himself conveniently burnt to death in the last chapter. On the whole, although not exempt from some rather glaring improbabilities, *That Other Woman* is well worth reading."

W. S. LILLY is not to be reckoned among the non-working lilies, for he is always toiling in the field of literature. His latest book, *A Century of Revolution*, published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, is a thoroughly excellent piece of work, scholarly, philosophical, and unsparingly logical, while throughout there runs a vein of fine satire which renders its perusal easy and enjoyable to almost every class of reader. Only in one instance I beg to differ from the learned author, and that is in his wholesale denunciation of vivisection, though with his reprobation of M. PAUL BERT who seems to have been actuated by the evil spirit that inspired *Macbeth* to be "bloody-minded, bold, and resolute," most humane persons, be their nationality or creed what it may, will be inclined to agree. Just at this time, when France is celebrating the centenary of its Great Revolution,—for whose atrocities and of whose principles Mr. JOHN MORLEY is the English apologist and apostle,—Mr. LILLY's book appears most appropriately, and I wish it a wide circulation.

THE ERUDITE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



A CAUTION TO SPORTINGLY-INCLINED PEOPLE WHO JUMP  
FURZE-BUSHES ON COMMONS.

### THE REAL GRIEVANCE OFFICE.

(Before MR. COMMISSIONER PUNCH.)

*An Illustrious Personage is introduced.*

*The Commissioner.* Pleased to do anything I can for your Royal Highness, unless it refers to an appeal—that matter you must carry to the House of Lords before you come to me.

*Illustrious Personage.* Oh no, Sir! I am here purely as a Representative, and not in my personal capacity.

*The C.* Very well, I shall be glad to hear what you have to bring before me. What or whom do you represent?

*I. P.* I represent, Sir, the Royal United Service Institution.

*The C.* And, no doubt, you represent it very well. I have often heard Your Royal Highness called "The Soldier's Friend"—hem!—out of Wimbledon!

*I. P.* You are most kind. Well, Sir, the excellent association whose claims upon public attention I advocate was founded in 1831, under the name of "The Naval and Military Library and Museum."

*The C.* And subsequently has pursued a career of the greatest possible usefulness. Since 1860 (when the Institution was incorporated by Royal Charter, and assumed its present title), the application of science to the methods and appliances of warfare has resulted in changes so momentous and extensive that a mere enumeration of them would extend almost to the dimensions of an encyclopædia, and the very nature of these changes is such as to enforce the absolute necessity of studying warlike methods on a rational and scientific basis. To the encouragement of this process of study the Royal United Service Institution has contributed in no ordinary degree by its Library and by its Museum.

*I. P.* And, allow me—by the prizes it annually offers for essays on Naval and Military subjects.

*The C.* And, you would add, above all, by its invaluable lectures and discussions, full reports of which are published in its journal. Quite so. I see that Your Royal Highness and I have both read the excellent article in the *Times* newspaper, which appeared about a week ago. Well, Sir,—what next?

*I. P.* Well, Sir, I feel that that admirable article may be forgotten in the turmoil of politics—

*The C.* The "turmoil of politics" is good—distinctly good.

*I. P.* I thank you, Sir. In the turmoil of politics—unless the matter is brought prominently before the Public with your valuable assistance. You are aware I signed a memorial to the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER on behalf of the Council and Members of the Institution?

*The C.* I am; and, although, I have not seen the document, can readily believe that it is written in language of extreme moderation.

*I. P.* You are right. You, no doubt, are aware that I have the greatest possible objection to expressions that might be considered by a Curate (much less by an Archbishop) of a too forcible character.

*The C.* Indeed I am, and it has ever been a marvel to me how your Royal Highness, on noticing a battalion "clubbed," or some other military mistake of equal gravity, could refrain from exclaiming, "Dear me!" or words to the same effect.

*I. P.* It is not my custom, Sir, to say all I think, when my thoughts are of a painful character! But let that pass. You are aware that the Royal United Service Institution enjoys an annual subvention of £600 from the War Office and Admiralty, and pays a ground-rent to the Government in respect of its present premises of £205 a year?

*The C.* I quite understand the stress you lay upon the word "present."

*I. P.* Yes, Sir, we have notice to quit, and this notice has been hanging over our heads for nearly twenty years. In 1872 Mr. LOWE stated that he would recommend the Government to grant assistance in placing the establishment on a permanent footing. In 1876 Mr. W. H. SMITH, then Financial Secretary to the Treasury, declared "that the Government fully recognised the value of the Institution, and that, when the proper time arrived, its claims should be duly considered." In 1881 and 1884 the Institute received assurances from the Treasury that those claims should not be lost sight of.

*The C.* And nothing since has been done?

*I. P.* Nothing—save the Government have intimated their willingness to pay the ground-rent of any site (less £205) that may be selected, on condition that the Institute finds its own building. This would entail a cost of £30,000, an expense that our scanty funds would not allow us to incur.

*The C.* Well, your Royal Highness, what is the alternative proposal embodied (as I understand) in your memorial?

*I. P.* That, following the precedent established in the cases of the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, the Royal Academy, and many other bodies of a learned character, the Government should provide free accommodation for the Royal United Service Institution.

*The C.* Certainly, your Royal Highness, your proposal seems entirely reasonable, and it shall be no fault of mine if it is not accepted. Have you anything more to say, Sir?

*I. P.* Nothing—save to thank you on behalf of myself and the Empire for the great kindness and courtesy I have experienced at your hands during this most interesting interview.

*[The Illustrious Personage (having found his umbrella) then withdrew.]*

### WONDERS OF THE CHAIR.

*(Picked up in the L.C.C.)*

WONDER if I shall get through this sitting without having my teeth set on edge by some Hon. Councillor's vulgarity?

Wonder whether the Battersea Patriot will be genial to me if I ask his advice upon a point of procedure?

Wonder if I disarmed discourtesy by dropping my title?

Wonder whether I shall have to sit still in silence while some of my colleagues make themselves and myself supremely ridiculous?

Wonder whether I shall get through the Agenda Paper without leaving an opening for the adverse criticism of the Press?

Wonder whether my English will be improved by listening to bad grammar and habituating my ear to the forced omission of the aspirate?

Wonder whether anyone will challenge my authority and laugh at the proceedings?

Wonder whether the Council will break off in time to allow me to dress for dinner?

Wonder, after all,—in spite of being called "Mister," and having extorted the respect of my colleagues,—whether the game is quite worth the candle?

"Two Sides to Every Question; or, Things ain't quite what they Simms."—New pamphlet, by H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE.

NOTICE.—Rejected Communications or Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, Drawings, or Pictures of any description, will in no case be returned, not even when accompanied by a Stamped and Addressed Envelope, Cover, or Wrapper. To this rule there will be no exception.



## THE HINDOO PEN.

Oblique Point. Three Grades, Nos. 1, 2, & 3.  
N° 3 HINDOO PEN  
MACNIVEN & CAMERON  
EDINBURGH  
"Are simply inimitable."—*Courier Journal*.  
Hold everywhere, 6d. and 1s. per box.  
Sample Box, with all kinds, 1s. 6d. by post.  
Macniven & Cameron, Waverley Works, Edinburgh.  
GOLD MEDAL, PARIS EXHIBITION, 1878.

**KINAHAN'S**  
"THE CREAM  
OF  
OLD IRISH  
WHISKIES."  
PURE, MILD, AND  
DELICIOUS AND  
MOST  
WHOLESOME.  
THE PRIZE MEDAL, DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1885.  
20, GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

VINTAGE 1884.  
**ROPER**  
FRÈRES'  
FIRST QUALITY  
CHAMPAGNE.

**CHUBB'S  
SAFES**  
WILL PREVENT  
JEWEL ROBBERIES  
PRICE LIST SENT FREE.  
103, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.;  
60, ST. JAMES'S STREET, Pall Mall, London.

# THE KODAK

Is a **HAND CAMERA** weighing but 33 ounces when ready loaded for making **ONE HUNDRED EXPOSURES**. No knowledge whatever of Photography is required—No dark room or Chemicals.  
**THREE MOTIONS ONLY.**  
**HOLD IT STEADY. PULL A STRING.**  
**PRESS A BUTTON.**  
This is all we ask of YOU; the rest WE will do.  
Send or call for full information.  
**THE EASTMAN DRY PLATE AND FILM CO.,**  
115, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.  
See illustration of H.M.S. "Gunsorell," *Illustrated London News*, March 16th, 1888, pages 233 and 236.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

Purchasers should see that the Label on every bottle of the original Worcestershire Sauce bears the signature.

*Lea & Perrins*

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

Sold Wholesale by the Proprietors, Worcester, Cruses & Blackwell, London. Retail everywhere.

**LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE.**

**GOLDEN BRONZE HAIR.**  
The lovely nuance "Châtain Foncé" can be imparted to Hair of any colour by using **ARRÈ**. Sold only by W. WINTER, 479, Oxford St., London. Price 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 21s. For tinting grey or faded Hair **ARRÈ** is invaluable.

**J. EXSHAW & CO.'S**  
FINEST OLD BRANDY.  
8s. per doz. in Cases as Imported.  
T. W. Exshaw & Co., 25, Regent Street, W.

**LOHSE'S**  
(MAIGLÖCKCHEN)  
**LILY**  
OF THE  
**VALLEY**  
PERFUME.  
Is the most fashionable of the day, sold by all high class Perfumers.  
**GUSTAV LOHSE, BERLIN.**

**TORPID LIVER**

**CARTER'S**  
**LITTLE**  
**LIVER**  
**PILLS.**  
POSITIVELY CURED BY THESE LITTLE PILLS.  
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, and Headaches. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take.  
SWEET COCAIN. Purify Your Blood, do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action cleanse all who use them. Established 1880. Standard Pill of the United States. In phials at 1s. 1d. Sold by all Chemists, or sent by post.  
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.  
Illustrated Pamphlet free.  
British Depot, 45, Moiborn Viaduct, London, E.C.



**SMOKE PLAYER'S NAVY CUT**, beautifully Cool and Sweet Smoking. Ask at all Tobacco Shops, Stores, &c., and take no other than "Player's Navy Cut," sold only in 10s. Packets, 20s. Boxes, and 40s. Tins, which keep the Tobacco always in the smoking condition. The genuine bears the Trade Mark, "NOTTINGHAM CASTLE," on every Packet and Tin. Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes can now be obtained of all leading Tobacconists, Stores, &c., in Packets containing 10.

**TIME tries all THINGS**  
**COCKS' READING SAUCE**  
Has stood the test of time.  
First introduced to the Public in 1859. 30 this year celebrates its Centenary.  
For 100 Years it has been the BEST FISH SAUCE.  
The Genuine is Protected by Trade Mark, viz., CHARLES COCKS' Signature, on a White Ground, across the Reading Arms.

**LIFTS**  
LUGGAGE, PASSENGER, &c.  
For HOTELS, MANORIALS, &c.  
DINING and INVALID LIFTS.  
**CLARK, BUNNETT & CO., Lim.,**  
RATHBONE PLACE, W.

**HOOPING COUGH—ROCHE'S**  
**INTERNAL EMERGENCY.**  
The celebrated effectual cure without internal medicine. Sole Wholesale Agents, W. Rowland & Son, 151, Queen Victoria Street (Corner of St. Paul's Church-yard). Sold by most Chemists. Price 4s. per bottle.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

# CLARKE'S

## WORLD FAMED

# BLOOD MIXTURE

## THE GREAT

# BLOOD PURIFIER.

"The Hon. Surgeon in his EXCELLENCE the Viceroy of INDIA prescribes 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' largely, and speaks highly of its efficacy in skin affections, &c. On this account we wrote asking you could supply the mixture for dispensing purposes."—Letter from J. H. & Co., Drugists, &c., Agra, India, June 5th, 1888.

"A most wonderful case of the efficacy of your medicine has transpired here, to which really, if not knowing the fact, I was not prepared to give credence. A gentleman of great wealth and of almost world-wide fame and renown, staying here for a time, was dreadfully affected with an unsightly, disagreeable, itching eruption, and—as he described it—general bone pain. He consulted the most eminent medical men in the province, and, ultimately, Sir J. Paget, of London, who designated it 'Gout and its consequences.' He found no relief from anything. Some poor woman recommended your 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' He was strongly averse to quackery, as he termed it, but, backed by my recommendation, he was induced to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture,' and the first bottle—as it were a charm—relieved the heat and itching, and a regular persistence and continuance for a short time has well-nigh worked a miracle. The sufferer has just been in, and says how delighted and grateful his master is, and also how amazed at such a change. He is now able to get about and travel as usual. I wish he could be prevailed upon to give a testimonial. His name and the patent fact would be priceless."  
Yours truly, J. WILLIAMSON,  
"Dispensing and Analytical Chemist, Scarborough."

"Just a few lines to let you know what 'Clarke's Blood Mixture' and Salve has done for me. For 13 months I had large ulcerated sores on my left leg, during which time I spent pounds in various medicines, which did me no good. After coming to Aldershot, I was recommended to try 'Clarke's Blood Mixture.' Before I had taken one small bottle I found my leg getting better. I have now taken five small bottles of Mixture and need four pots of your Salve, and my leg is perfectly healed."  
Yours, &c., H. DARTER.  
"Colour Sergeant, 1st Devon Regiment, Aldershot, April 4th, 1881."  
"P.S.—I purchased your medicine from Allen & Lloyd, Chemists, Aldershot."

**CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE** is warranted to cleanse the Blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Eczema, Skin and Blood Diseases, and Sores of all kinds, its effects are marvellous. It is the only real specific for Gout and Rheumatic Pains. It removes the cause from the Blood and Bones. Thousands of Testimonials. Sold in bottles, 2s. 6d. each; and in cases containing six times the quantity, 12s.—sufficient to effect a permanent cure in the great majority of long-standing cases—by all CHEMISTS and PATENT MEDICINE VENDORS throughout the World; or sent to any address on receipt of 2s. or 12s. stamps by the Proprietors, THE LINCOLN AND MIDLAND COUNTIES' DRUG CO., LINCOLN. Trade Mark—"BLOOD MIXTURE."

"CLARKE'S BLOOD MIXTURE is entirely free from any poison or metallic impregnation, does not contain any injurious ingredient, and is a good, safe, and useful medicine."—ALFRED SWAINSE TAYLOR, M.D., F.R.S., Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence and Toxicology.

**ASK FOR CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED BLOOD MIXTURE, AND DO NOT BE PERSUADED TO TAKE AN IMITATION.**

